

NEWS AND NOTES OF PLAYERS AND

The Best of Griffith in "Broken Blossoms"

By Virginia Tracy

At last! This fervent exclamation has risen during the ages to quite some several lips, we admit, but never from a fuller heart. Lately we have been hearing of apprehensive Senators asking themselves: "In saving the world have we lost our republic?" For some long while now ardent volunteers in the motion picture ranks have been quaking: "In achieving Broadway theatres and orchestras de luxe and sterilized air and settings à la Ballin and lingerie up to date, in gaining the world have we lost our Griffith?" And if so, mightn't we indeed "weep, weep, and tear our hair" over the monstrous strain? Earnest pictures have run on every new offering, their hands clutching their palpitating hearts—those of us earnest pictures, anyway, who have excitable dispositions—longing for the opportunity not to criticize, appraise or withhold, but once more simply to salute the captain of the host. That opportunity has come. We, quite as well as Candida's poet, know the hour when it strikes. We had not followed Griffith's new adventure three minutes before we knew that what we were witnessing was a new epoch in pictures. For the day after "Broken Blossoms" was exhibited the screen was at least five years ahead of where it had been the day before.

This was so from the technical standpoint of course, since it was true at all, but also from the standpoint of dramatic intention. The technical innovations are but a means to this end; the end of putting over a picture without regard to any stereotyped regulations in subject or construction; above all, in length. The programme picture—detestable phrase!—must be just five reels. If the subject is too long, cut off its head; if too short, pad it with footage. No other single condition accounts for the poverty and monotony of our scenarios. To be sure, "special features" of ten reels or so may be specially produced if bolstered by immense battles or propaganda or by being historical or taken from the Bible or because they give exhibitions of swimming. But no special feature has dared to produce a mere intimate story about human beings which continues so long as it has something to say and ceases when it has said it. This has long been the prayer of our heart, and in "Broken Blossoms" adapted from "The Child and the Child" in Burke's "Limehouse Nights" this is exactly what Griffith has done.

With a cast of six characters, only three of whom are more than sketches, and without as much as a rope or a ball dress to sustain it, it runs, perhaps, seven and a half reels, so that it is neither a programme feature nor a special feature, nor can whole families say they attend in order to show Georgia how Lincoln was assassinated, or how Salome danced. The picture's beauty is in and of itself. It is a tragedy pure and simple—exquisitely simple and exquisitely pure. Its maker has taken his own time to saturate his mind with the story, and then to saturate the story with his own vision of it. Concealed and projected in a mood jealously honorable, it has made no concessions whatever. It has the serene accomplishment of an artist who has exacted from himself nothing but perfection.

The first novelty made us start wild. By the huge expanse of screen, which Griffith does not break by any device of picture frame or slate, dawned upon us in deep rose. Theoretically, without the definite colors in pictures, and indeed, the eye quails before the chrome blows and bushes that may now assail it in injudicious hands; but there was no resisting this field of rose palpitating light, which seemed to be drawing us through it into the dawn. And so, indeed, it was; it "faded us in" to China, a China of pale bronze, against a background of dim, dense blue, irradiated whenever the sun struck it, with washes of hot gold. These shades of rose and blue and orange and bronze are the only colors used, but there is more of the Orient in them than in a hundred solidly built Chinese streets, swarming with wild animals and foreigners, to show how much they cost. The shadings never wobble and nor show an outline of strange prismatic zigzags, occasionally spitting red and green in your face, as the professedly colored pictures do, and the scenes change with a melting smoothness, in which "fades" have at last wholly disappeared; the dim blue, or later, the rich brown, simply deepens up like mist from the far borders of the screen, blotting out what we are not now intent to see, or enhancing by its massing cloudbanks the close-up, which has stolen upon us unawares.

But when the Chinese priest has struck the sacred bell and his nephew—a young poet and philosopher who must seek his fortune in the new world, but hopes also to carry to his young barbarians the ancient message of peaceful contemplation—has made his pious farewells, all the splendor of color dies away; his ship sails down a river of misty spiritual suggestion to the River of Souls itself, until, going west and passing other ghost ships going east, it disappears into the ocean vastness. And we are back again to our own world of brown and gray within the London slums.

beatings it is across the door of his little Oriental shop—heaven has come to the Chinaman. He hides his little goddess in his loft, which he transforms into a temple with all the best his stock affords; feeds her, nurses her, bathes her wounds, wraps her in brocaded silk, decks her with Chinese headdresses of flowers and careful to treat her always as a little girl, teaches her what it is to smile—heaven has come to the child. So in the temple left these two humble and gentle souls, without harm in them, escape a while to a meek happiness. Then the father's discovery of what he can understand only as a "daughter of his taking up with a dirty Chink" requires him to avenge his family and racial honor, and this costs all three lives. It is in that temple which the father has smashed to bits that the Chinaman arranges in seamstress the broken body of his little goddess and once more makes her fair in silks and flowers. After due prayer he seeks his own death at the foot of her couch, before the police can make good their claim to this Chinese murderer and abductor, now safe and far as the girl is out of our civilized life. But we see, once more in China, that the priest still strikes the sacred bell, and going east and going west along the misty River of Souls, the ships still pass each other in the night. Hereafter, in a better world than this—

Now, is it not a singular thing that a story of torture, murder and suicide, enlivened only by a prizefight—and a prizefight, mind you, where the wrong man wins—should have the effect of some flower softly unfolding its slow sweetness and as softly fading into nothingness when its time comes? Why does this heavyweight of deadly edicts plosives strike us as something frail and fine, of no more bulk than a wreath of wood smoke? Innumerable pictures have hauled us through every known orgy of pain; yet this one remains with us like a sacrament.

Perhaps this is because everything may be thus transmuted by poetry and here, with no sordidness or squalor shirked, is certainly the mood of the poetic. Griffith and his Bitzer have seen to it that the haunted and haunting magic of the old river side shall ensue our senses with its brown smoke-stained mystery in a setting and a photography—so creative that it lets loose on us at once the whole charm of London's mellowness. We have never seen such a capture of atmosphere as this, calling up in its few sets the whole quaint, rich, grim, story soaked suggestiveness by which the lower Thames holds our imagination in an immortal net. In this beauty, from which we never escape, every element of interpretive beauty is combined with an unflagging artistic vigilance, so that where visual beauty must not be forced it is the more reinforced by beauty of execution. The acting by Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess of the two most exacting parts is so woven within the picture, repeating in its apparent monotony its myriad reflections of variety and suggestion, that it seems murderous to tear it apart and praise it; even the girl's fearfully realized passion of terror somehow does not break the web. And see how large a part of all this exquisite expressiveness comes from the rigidity, the scant and meagre movements, of those subdued, propitiating souls! Compare their inhibited, mouse-like motions with the beautiful free sweep of the boy's arm with which, when all is lost, he strikes his own death blow, and see what a story of release that tells! See the effect of using for the Oriental temple in the left the same radiance of color which we had in China, thus setting it off from the brown slums like fairyland, and then, by the poignant loveliness of the scenes therein, making the slums unreal and fairyland the reality. So that when, even in death, these children come home to their real fairyland again, we feel all must be well. From end to end this is the only alleviation Griffith uses.

The picture offers, however, another and a deeper consolation: the deep humanity in which it has been conceived. Its horrors are not shown for their own sake, but for the sweetness enduring in their midst; the tender and lowly virtue that is ridden down by the black brute beasts of prejudice and cruelty remains unsullied and uncorrupted by them; in this picture, which might be called in Maeterlinck's phrase, "The Treasure of the Humble," we feel for its living persistence, and there arises in us an immense desire to behave, while yet we may, as well as possible; to kill in ourselves the least infection of Battling Burrows and to bring ourselves as near as may be to the high decency of the Chink and the Child. There is a line in "Roderick Hudson" which has always seemed to us the truest salutation to fine and human art, and it best expresses the mood in which "Broken Blossoms" leaves us: "We ugly mortals, what beautiful creatures we are!"

Jerome Kern Has His Say

By Rebecca Drucker

The most fifth-rate composer of "serious" music is entitled to a dream of immortality that is denied the composer for musical comedy. He has no cloak of reverence to shelter him, no appeal to the court of posterity if present audiences should fail him in appreciation. Indeed, he is not even codified by the present. He gets excellent royalties from sheet music sales, if he is successful, and can hear his music repeated everywhere for a

season or two, but the music passes on to a swift limbo of forgetfulness. The most he gets in the morning's review is a line or two saying that the music was "refreshing" or "catchy," and he is lucky if he gets off without being told that it was "reminiscent." He is merely asked to have a very high degree of skill, resourcefulness, freshness of inspiration, and to please not take himself too seriously.

Accordingly, an amazing amount of gay and artful music is taken for granted in the course of a season's procession of musical comedies. A few observing ones remember the names of Friml, Hirsch, Kern, Jacobi and Hein, but to the vast majority they are not very distinctly remembered names, no matter how pleasant their recollections of "Going Up" or "Oh, Boy" or "The Riviera Girl" are. Voices are raised to combat the disparagement under which light music falls, and the young men who make it are too strenuously engaged in outpacing each other to talk about their work.

It was not easy to make Mr. Jerome Kern talk. "Who cares about the composer anyway?" he said. "He's the least spectacular part of a show." But I cunningly prodded him. "Is it true, Mr. Kern, I asked, 'that you all get your hits by ragging the classics'?" Mr. Kern grew a little white around the mouth, but he exercised a magnificent restraint. However, the remark moved him to talk fluently and spontaneously. "I seem to remember," he said, "hearing that literary people have only sixty plots with which to work, and that there are only thirty-four dramatic situations. If it were analyzed it might narrow itself down to a smaller number than that. Anyway, there are a limited number of musical figures too, and if an old combination pops up again it doesn't necessarily mean plagiarism. I don't deny that popular effects have been got by ragging old war-horses of the classics, but when that has been done the intention has usually been admitted. On the whole, however, men like Friml and Jacobi and Hirsch have an amazing fertility of musical ideas. I have seen Jacobi score as many as seven different musical themes for a single song."

"The whole misconception seems to be that we all hail from 'Tin Pan Alley.' Now there are a few natural melodists among us, like Irving Berlin and George M. Cohan, who have great talent but no training—but most of us are pretty hard working musicians with years of study behind us. The simplicity of a popular song and the smoothness of a successful score are deceptive. It takes a good deal of workmanship to get it over. Now, I'm not asking for an academic standing—that might be a good deal more of a hindrance than a help—but there is a good deal of unnecessary condescension about light music. There are made-to-order pieces, of course. A manager will call in a man and ask him to write music to order, but that should not detract from the fact that a good deal of fresh and original music is written in the course of each season. We dare not let up in our effort to produce something new. Competition is too keen."

"I have very little patience with those people who are continually invoking the music of Sullivan as the forever unattainable ideal of light opera. Good as it is, it had its faults. Its orchestration was monotonous and often it was no more than the most saccharine tinkling. It was, above all, written for its time and generation, and a much simpler time and generation than this one. The people for whom Sullivan operettas were written came in from Putney twice a year to go to the theatre—once to see Christmas pantomimes and once to the Savoy to hear the D'Oyly Carte pieces. Then they went home and talked about them for the rest of the year. The people for whom we write music are a good deal more sophisticated and complex. They've gone everywhere and heard everything and it's hard to get a reaction from them. I think it's a good deal harder job to write the music for the Ziegfeld Follies than the Sullivan operettas. I could undertake to write music of the sort Sullivan wrote, and with a feeling that I should make a pretty fair job of it, but nothing would induce me to attempt the Follies music. It means writing music for jaded, sophisticated people who are not unacquainted with the best. They are people who go to hear grand opera and orchestral music, and who are continually on the keenest lookout for new sensations."

"The best new light music is not all jazz or syncopation. Jazz is a freak that is destined to go out, if only because it is fundamentally offensive and uncivilized. Syncopation is so an integral part of light music that its legitimacy is beginning to be admitted. A real feeling for what is graceful and high-spirited and humorous underlies it."

Jerome Kern intended to be a pianist, and began his musical studies at the tender age of five. He began writing songs when he left school, and this led him into the employ of T. B. Harms, a music publisher. He demonstrated songs at department stores and to vaudeville and musical comedy people. It smashed his ambitions to be a pianist, and he began learning the wholly different art of the popular songs. Charles Frohman was among the first to recognize his talent, and for ten years he scored all Mr. Frohman's domestic musical pieces.

AMUSEMENTS
B'WAY & 47TH ST.
COLUMBIA
"The Home of Burlesque & Topsy."—Times.
"Hear for All Summer."
"Burlesque at its best."—Evening Post.
Peek-a-boo

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"You Are Old, Father William—"

By Ralph Block

The curriculum for the stage has changed much these late days. The tradition that it is essential to be as old as Juliet's mother to play Juliet understandingly still lingers. But in all lesser drama the tide drifts pleasantly toward youth. This is as it should be. Much wailing to the contrary on the part of the grandfathers of the stage, it is a satisfactory evidence of the state of the public taste that it should incline indiscriminately toward the naïveté—sometimes even the gaucheries—of sheer youthness than to have to be prodded and tempted by the sideshow ballyhooing of milk bathing and Oriental poodles. There may be no more critical judgment in one of these than the other. But at least there is something honest and genuine in youth which extends to the appreciation of those who like it.

Indeed deprecation of the acting qualities of young women, who are often picked with haste and hung with whatever elegance they have to command dangle in the firmament, has come to be for the most part a cliché. Much too much is made everywhere of the technique of acting, as a great deal more than is necessary is said about the technique of playwriting. Acting is actually quite an instinctive thing; in the end it is much as it is in the beginning. You do it well or you don't, and all of Caesar's men can't turn you into an actor if you aren't shaped for it. That is why the tradition that you have to be seasoned before on the stage you can make yourself look as if you

weren't is coming to be understood as a kind of last dogged stand of old people who selfishly want to keep everything to themselves. Shelley wrote his name in the before he was thirty and then died with great poetic understanding. No reason exists why actors, who have an art fully as close to childhood as poetry, can't do as well.

The chorus, which with pleasant paradox is now the great avenue to legitimacy, will probably always save the stage from too much age. On the whole, it is a good school to supply the facility that the touted stock company does not always give. In the chorus there is no escape of the need for grace, for being supple and seductive, which is another word for mere magnetism. A mannerism works very well in the chorus, but it has to be personal to be effective. The quick-cut lesson that comes out of the uniformity of choruses is the utility that lies in not being uniform, not conforming to the crowd style. It works by opposition. In stock, on the other hand, the habitual feature, the manner cast to the type, is the proof of good acting. So many stock actors rise to the topmost step of mediocrity and fail to make the brief gap beyond.

It is true that the easy practice of starring young women, who in some cases do know how to act, has something wrong about it. It is not that this elevation to the peerage is too good for them, but that they are too good for it. Stardom is deceptive; it seems like so much more than it is. In the end it does not count so much

in what size your name is spelled or in what room you sit before the glass. Miss Helen Hayes will be no more a star next season than she is this, though it is understood she will have all the recognition then of her stature. Miss Eileen Huber is not half the actress now she was two seasons ago. Stardom has seemed to cool her Irish ardor, dull the edge of her witfulness. There is a deceptive importance about it which is a source of danger for all artists, always exposed more or less egregiously to misconceptions. Miss Constance Binney, who plays co-equally with Henry Hull in "39 East," has a charm quite her own in her evident will not to let any knowledge slip that will be of use in making her a good actress. To be so much in earnest, and so ingeniously, is in itself a very fine and rare talent. Miss Alice Brady, who became a star without a great deal of effort, hasn't a shade of that simplicity. The mantle of her station she wears with a little bit too much ease. . . . it doesn't seem quite won.

Of all these young women who adorn the boards now, when for so many of them the season has fallen limp, Miss Jeanne Eagels is noticeably one who fits no rule. Two seasons ago in "Hamilton" there was something unorthodox in her performance of the delicate vampire who almost seduced the elderly statesman that Mr. Arliss was playing. She came to the part with an experience in stock that might have given her the background for the rôle of corruption, even if years had not yet endowed her with understanding of them. Now, cast by the wise Belasco, in a pastel part in "Daddies," she puts into a canvas of almost thumb-box dimensions an agreeably surprising amount of color and tone and perspective. It is a satisfaction to find mere

playwright's sweetness done with such quietude and restraint. It will be interesting to note how shrewd Mr. Belasco can be in picking other parts for her.

Youth as youth sheerly carries its own reward to the public. Sometimes it is a burden to have to follow stage people just because by the specious importance of stardom they have given audiences the habit of watching them. With enough youth streaming in, mere mellowness and experience will subside to its proper level. After all, Herod was one of the real wise men among the ancients.

Lambs to Gambol For the 77th

The Lambs are going to gambol. Under the personal supervision of Gene Buck, twenty-five of the unshorn innocents will sport in gay abandon, tripping the light fantastic in a breath of chiffon and a dusting of powder. An alleged penny ballet of twenty-five slender darlings competing for the record standing high kick, with two other stunts still kept a mystery, is a part of their contribution to the monster benefit performance at the Manhattan Opera House on Sunday evening, June 8.

And when the Lambs are out of breath and shepherded back into their fold there is still a long programme to unfold itself like a good dinner. (Which raises the question, Do diners?) What we are trying to convey is that there is going to be plenty of so many different things that folks won't leave feeling full of soup and hungry for pie.

Irvin S. Cobb, our own dear delightful Irvin S., will deliver the address of the evening. Whether he will speak of operations or lecture tours, or eat

us in Peruvian, or tell about the new 77th Division Club House will, we hope, be kept as a surprise. And a Cobbian surprise always does.

Captain Bill Harrigan, with Charles Clark and T. Baldy Sloan will come, as well. Henry E. Dixie, than whom a cleverer monologist has still to be heard; Walter Lawrence, the singing comedian; Conrad Nagel, from "Forever After," and yards more.

And they are all doing it to raise the necessary funds for putting into shape the old Astor Library for the 77th Division clubhouse.

Richard Walton Tully To Produce in London

Richard Walton Tully sailed for England, carrying in his trunk manuscripts of "The Bird of Paradise," "The Rose of the Rancho," "The Masquerader," "Keep Her Smiling," "Omar, the Tentmaker," and "The Flame," all of which he expects to produce shortly in London. The first of these to be presented in the British capital will in all likelihood be "The Bird of Paradise," and it will be the first time that any of Tully's plays have been seen in England. During his absence Tully also plans to travel extensively on the continent, where he will finish writing two new plays which will be ready for presentation in America by the end of next season. Tully's absence will necessarily curtail his activities in this country at least for the first part of next season, although his current successes, "Keep Her Smiling" and "The Masquerader," will continue on tour. Guy Bates Post in "The Masquerader" will next week conclude a five months' engagement at the Studebaker Theatre, Chicago, after which he will start for a summer's tour on the Pacific Coast.

AMUSEMENTS		AMUSEMENTS		AMUSEMENTS		AMUSEMENTS		AMUSEMENTS	
<p align="center">AMERICA'S FOREMOST THEATRES AND HITS UNDER THE DIRECTION OF LEE AND J. J. SHUBERT</p>									
<p>WINTER GARDEN 44th St. & 5th Ave. Thurs., Fri. & Sat. EXTRA MAT. DECORATION DAY LEE & J. J. SHUBERT Present "The Winter Garden's Greatest Success." MONTE CRISTO Book and Lyrics by Harold Altshuler. TO-NIGHT—SUNDAY CONCERT. ALWAYS THE BEST SUNDAY ENTERTAINMENT IN NEW YORK.</p>	<p>3 MATINEES THIS WEEK Thurs., Fri. & Sat. JOHN D. WILLIAMS Presents COMEDY AT THE COMEDY TOBY'S BOW NORMAN TREVOR GEORGE MARION JOHN HANSEN COMEDY THEATRE—NOW 41st St. & B'way. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30 EXTRA MAT. DECORATION DAY</p>	<p>TO-NIGHT SUNDAY CONCERTS TO-NIGHT WINTER GARDEN 44th St. & 5th Ave. Thurs., Fri. & Sat. EXTRA MAT. DECORATION DAY LEE & J. J. SHUBERT Present "The Winter Garden's Greatest Success." MONTE CRISTO Book and Lyrics by Harold Altshuler. TO-NIGHT—SUNDAY CONCERT. ALWAYS THE BEST SUNDAY ENTERTAINMENT IN NEW YORK.</p>	<p>NORA BAYES 44th St. & 5th Ave. Thurs., Fri. & Sat. EXTRA MAT. DECORATION DAY LEE & J. J. SHUBERT Present "The Winter Garden's Greatest Success." MONTE CRISTO Book and Lyrics by Harold Altshuler. TO-NIGHT—SUNDAY CONCERT. ALWAYS THE BEST SUNDAY ENTERTAINMENT IN NEW YORK.</p>	<p>CENTRAL 47th St. & 5th Ave. Thurs., Fri. & Sat. EXTRA MAT. DECORATION DAY LEE & J. J. SHUBERT Present "The Winter Garden's Greatest Success." MONTE CRISTO Book and Lyrics by Harold Altshuler. TO-NIGHT—SUNDAY CONCERT. ALWAYS THE BEST SUNDAY ENTERTAINMENT IN NEW YORK.</p>	<p>TO-NIGHT SUNDAY CONCERTS TO-NIGHT WINTER GARDEN 44th St. & 5th Ave. Thurs., Fri. & Sat. EXTRA MAT. DECORATION DAY LEE & J. J. SHUBERT Present "The Winter Garden's Greatest Success." MONTE CRISTO Book and Lyrics by Harold Altshuler. TO-NIGHT—SUNDAY CONCERT. ALWAYS THE BEST SUNDAY ENTERTAINMENT IN NEW YORK.</p>	<p>39TH STREET Thurs., Fri. & Sat. EXTRA MAT. DECORATION DAY LEE & J. J. SHUBERT Present "The Winter Garden's Greatest Success." MONTE CRISTO Book and Lyrics by Harold Altshuler. TO-NIGHT—SUNDAY CONCERT. ALWAYS THE BEST SUNDAY ENTERTAINMENT IN NEW YORK.</p>	<p>BUOU 44th St. & 5th Ave. Thurs., Fri. & Sat. EXTRA MAT. DECORATION DAY LEE & J. J. SHUBERT Present "The Winter Garden's Greatest Success." MONTE CRISTO Book and Lyrics by Harold Altshuler. TO-NIGHT—SUNDAY CONCERT. ALWAYS THE BEST SUNDAY ENTERTAINMENT IN NEW YORK.</p>	<p>LOVE LAUGHS 44th St. & 5th Ave. Thurs., Fri. & Sat. EXTRA MAT. DECORATION DAY LEE & J. J. SHUBERT Present "The Winter Garden's Greatest Success." MONTE CRISTO Book and Lyrics by Harold Altshuler. TO-NIGHT—SUNDAY CONCERT. ALWAYS THE BEST SUNDAY ENTERTAINMENT IN NEW YORK.</p>	<p>TWO CONTINENTS 44th St. & 5th Ave. Thurs., Fri. & Sat. EXTRA MAT. DECORATION DAY LEE & J. J. SHUBERT Present "The Winter Garden's Greatest Success." MONTE CRISTO Book and Lyrics by Harold Altshuler. TO-NIGHT—SUNDAY CONCERT. ALWAYS THE BEST SUNDAY ENTERTAINMENT IN NEW YORK.</p>
<p>39 EAST 44th St. & 5th Ave. Thurs., Fri. & Sat. EXTRA MAT. DECORATION DAY LEE & J. J. SHUBERT Present "The Winter Garden's Greatest Success." MONTE CRISTO Book and Lyrics by Harold Altshuler. TO-NIGHT—SUNDAY CONCERT. ALWAYS THE BEST SUNDAY ENTERTAINMENT IN NEW YORK.</p>	<p>A LITTLE JOURNEY 44th St. & 5th Ave. Thurs., Fri. & Sat. EXTRA MAT. DECORATION DAY LEE & J. J. SHUBERT Present "The Winter Garden's Greatest Success." MONTE CRISTO Book and Lyrics by Harold Altshuler. TO-NIGHT—SUNDAY CONCERT. ALWAYS THE BEST SUNDAY ENTERTAINMENT IN NEW YORK.</p>	<p>325TH TIME Friday ALICE BRADY Forever After Open House! Romance PLAYHOUSE W. 48th St. & 5th Ave. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30 EXTRA MAT. DECORATION DAY</p>	<p>3RD MIRTHFUL MONTH OF UNINTERRUPTED TRIUMPH. "Take It From Me" 44th St. & 5th Ave. Thurs., Fri. & Sat. EXTRA MAT. DECORATION DAY LEE & J. J. SHUBERT Present "The Winter Garden's Greatest Success." MONTE CRISTO Book and Lyrics by Harold Altshuler. TO-NIGHT—SUNDAY CONCERT. ALWAYS THE BEST SUNDAY ENTERTAINMENT IN NEW YORK.</p>	<p>ST. JOHN G. EVLINS' drama JOHN FERGUSON "Gripping drama, splendidly acted—by one of the dramatic talents of season."—Eve. Sun. GARRICK 25 E. of B'way, Greeley 1822 EXTRA MATINEE DECORATION DAY RUN EXTENDED TO JUNE 7TH</p>	<p>ARTHUR HAMMERSTEIN'S MUSICAL HITS 3RD MONTH WITH SELWYN & CO. TUMBLE IN WITH PEGGY O'NEIL AND HERBERT CORTHELL BY OTTO HARBACH—BROADWAY BASED ON A FAIRY TALE BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN SELWYN MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30 EXTRA MATINEE DECORATION DAY</p>	<p>6TH MONTH MUSICAL PLAY—DIFFERENT SOMEBODY'S SWEETHEART BY ALONZO PRICE AND ANTONIO BAFUNNO CENTRAL THEATRE 47th St. & 5th Ave. WED. & SAT. 2:30 EXTRA MATINEE DECORATION DAY</p>	<p>8TH MONTH JOLLY MUSICAL ROMANCE SOME TIME WITH ED. WYNN BY RITA JOHNSON YOUNG AND RUDOLF FRIML CASINO THEATRE 39th St. & 5th Ave. WED. & SAT. 2:30 EXTRA MATINEE DECORATION DAY</p>	<p>ELTINGE THEATRE West 42 St. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30 UP IN MABEL'S ROOM WHERE BEAUTY and LAUGHTER MEET</p>	<p>REPUBLIC THEATRE West 42 St. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30 THE WOMAN IN ROOM 13 AS THRILLING AS AN OCEAN RIGHT</p>
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